

REGULAR GUY

God's a regular guy
He likes baseball
and bowling
and nights out with the boys.
He likes to fish
and work on His car
and have the apostles over for barbecues by the pool.
God even has a first name.
His first name is Bob.
That's right, Bob.
It's not Robert.
That's too formal.
And it's not Bobby,
He's a grown man for crying out loud.
It's Bob.
Nice and friendly, short and sweet.
Just plain old Bob.
Bob God

THE GREAT WRITERS

All the great writers are dead,
and replacements will be hard to find.
That's because the reading scores keep declining
every year in the public schools.
Consequently, grammar and syntax are complete mysteries
to an entire generation. I'm sure that many of you are
nodding your heads, perhaps noting that this poem is
powerful testimony to all of the above. Well, if that's
the way you feel, the next time you vote against a school
bond issue, just remember this poem.

-- Eric Grow

Brea CA

WHAT OLD MAN JOHNSON SAID TO GRANDPA AFTER RETURNING THANKS

Hubert, help yo'sef
To the biscoots
And the henfruits
And the grave-i.

And Grandpa did.